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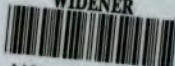
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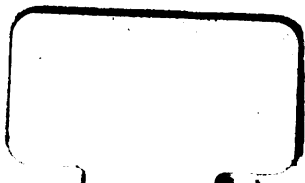
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Mr. Helen F. Wallace

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To Helen Marchbank
With the Authors

Kind regards.

Jan 1st 1907

By Shore and Wood.

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for
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By Shore and Wood

BY

W. CUTHBERTSON



EDINBURGH:

JAMES THIN

MDCCCXCIX.

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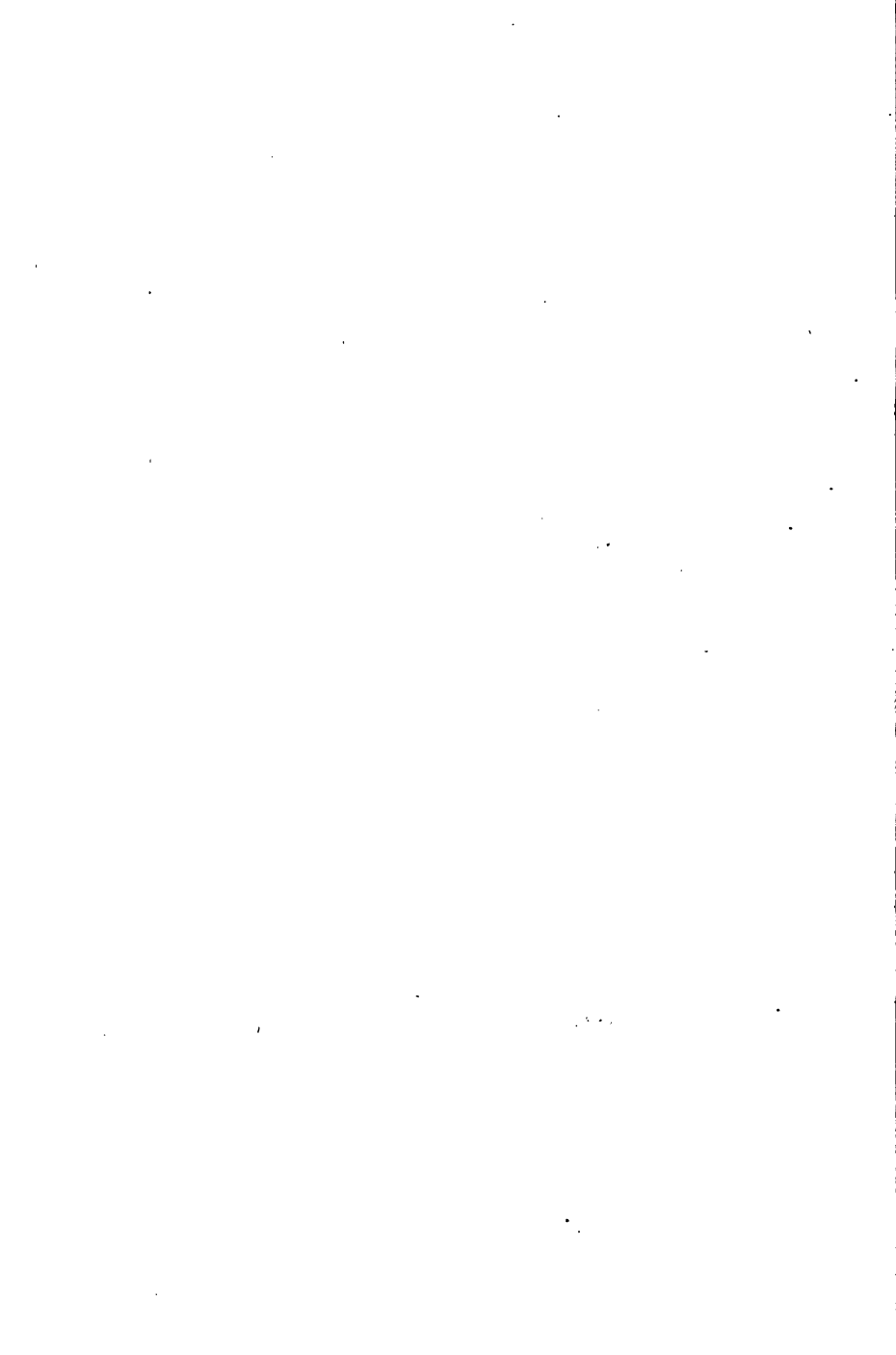
A number of the verses in this volume have appeared in the *Scotsman*, the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*, *Life and Work*, and *The Animal World*, and it is by courtesy of the various editors that I am permitted to republish them.

ELISE.

*Sweet is the memory of the golden days,
Wherein we drifted idly o'er the sea,
And marked the sunrise and the sunset blaze,
Sweet is the memory ;*

*Or slipped from shore to shore, and through the haze
Of purple twilight in immensity,
Wandered to windless night the ocean ways.*

*Those days are gone, yet ever tenderly
I hold as sacred all the kindly traits,
That knit my soul to yours in unity,
Sweet is the memory.*



CONTENTS

	PAGE
INCHCOLME	13
MIDSUMMER NIGHT	16
MAY	17
NOVEMBER	18
HUMBIE WOODS	19
ABERDOUR	20
BOWDEN KIRK	22
DRYBURGH	24
SESTINA : Midsummer Night	26
SESTINA : September Night	29
VILLANELLE	31
GLENFARG	33
AFTER THE STORM	34
EARLY SUMMER. Rondel	35
RONDEL : Unrestful I stand where the ocean is flinging .	36
RONDEL : Oh ! fresh is the breath stealing over the ocean	37
THE MESSAGE OF THE SEA	38
SAND CASTLES	40
BERWICK BAY	42
THE CHILDREN OF THE STREET	44
THE CITY SKYLARK	46
SPRING : A Rondel	48
SICILIAN OCTAVE	49
DORA	50
RONDEAU REDOUBLE. Pot Pourri	52
STENTON KIRK	54
BALLADE OF AN ANGLER	56

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
A BALLADE OF GOLFING	58
THE CONVENT GARDEN	60
VILLANELLE. The Tempest	62
THE MEETING.	64
VILLANELLE: Save in my sleep I never see her face	66
WHITE HEATHER.	68
EDWARD CARPENTER	70
MORAG	71
AUTUMN	73
THE AEOLIAN HARP	74
YOU'RE MAIR THAN WELCOME	75
GRIERSON OF LAG	77
ANNETTE	81
CATHERINE	82
RONDEL: When Ella died the year was in the wane	83
TRIOLETS	84
VILLANELLE. Midsummer Night's Dream	86
MEMORIES	88
BESIDE THE RIVER	91
THE TRAMWAY TRACE HORSE	92
THE TRAMWAY HORSES	94
FOREVER	96
SPRING.	97
WINTER GUESTS.	98
A SUBURBAN IDYL	100
REID OF WARRISTON	103
PHYLLIS	105
LALLA	107
THE HAWTHORN.	108
BALLADE OF THE CYCLIST	109
THE CAGED BLACKBIRD.	111

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
ELIE	112
CANTY BAY	113
FEARS	114
FRANCES	115
THE CHARWOMAN	116
ABERDEEN	117
AVE ATQUE VALE	118
THE BASS ROCK	119
DOROTHY	120
THE NORTH BRIDGE	121
EFFIE	125
BERTHA	126
MARIE	127
ISOBEL	128
FAIRY FOLK	129
VILLANELLE : The Electric Light	131
BRITANNIA	133
THE TREES. From the French of Pol De Mont	137
TRULY. From the German of Heine	139
WE SAT IN SILENCE. From the German of Heine	140
THE MOUNTAIN VOICE. From the German of Heine	142
EVENING. From the French	144
A TRIFLE. From the French of Montenacken	146
A TRIFLE. From the French of Alfred de Musset	147
THE ENTOMBMENT. From the French	148
THE BALLAD OF JEAN RENAUD. From the French	150
TÊTE DE CIRE. From the French of Lamartine	154
LANDSCAPE. From the French of P. Bourget	156
SONG. From the French of Louis de la Salle	157
LIFE. From the French of Plener	158

INCHCOLME.

DAWN.

THE rosy-fingered Dawn has touched the sky,
The dreaming earth has wakened with a sigh ;
And slumbering in a holy calm the sea
Breathes softly in a murmurous melody,
Kissing the pebbles where the wavelets die.

The petals of the perfumed violet lie
All gemmed with dew : the daisy's gentle eye
Peeps coyly forth to greet with ecstasy,
The rosy-fingered Dawn.

The white-robed gull that circles slowly by,
Breaks the sweet silence with its plaintive cry ;
And through the silver mist that pearls the lea
Inchcolme awakes, and in sweet courtesy
Smiles a good-morrow, with delight to see,
The rosy-fingered Dawn.

INCHCOLME.

NOON.

THE quiet-breathing Noon sleeps on the tide,
That softly trembles o'er the ocean wide ;
A heavenly calm reigns in the quiet air,
The shore is wrapped in peace, and everywhere
A subtle languor holds the sweet Noontide.

The pale anemone, that stars the side
Of the tall cliff, bows with a graceful pride,
And greets—'mid lichens grey that cling
beside—
The quiet-breathing Noon.

Over the sea a haze has beautified,
As a thin veil the graces of a bride,
The sacred Isle in stately beauty rare,
The spectral nave is seen supremely fair,
Saluting 'mid the wavelets, myriad-eyed,
The quiet-breathing Noon.

INCHCOLME.

EVE.

THE tender dove-eyed Eve o'er land and sea,
Has spread her light and lingers lovingly
As if she fain would dream another hour :
The breeze has died, and from the hawthorn
bower,
The blackbird makes his song divinity.

And with the dreamy soulful melody
The flowers enfold their petals o'er the lea,
And sink to sleep, while kissing drowsily,
The tender dove-eyed Eve.

The last rose flush dies in obscurity :
Against the glimmer of eternity,
Venus, in beauty shining o'er the tower
Guards fair Inchcolme, while swift the night
wings lower.
The holy Isle no longer smiles to see
The tender dove-eyed Eve.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

THE mazes of the wood are full of shade,
And through the night comes subtle soft and
sweet,
The perfume of the lilac, that to greet
The risen moon in dainty white arrayed,
Makes sweet this leafy world, this woodland glade :
The chestnut spreads abroad where shadows
meet
Upon the winding path, and fairy feet
May seek the moonshine chequered green
arcade.
The wind that cooled the sultry heat of noon
Is unknown here, only the aspen grieves
With weird unrest in all its guilty leaves :
The west, that holds a hostage of the day,
Sends a pale envoy to the east. Too soon
The brief midsummer night shall pass away.

MAY.

SWEET is the message o'er wood and lane,
Coral and white is the tale I ween,
The fair earth smileth in joy again,
With beauteous mein.

Softly singeth the thrush of love
In the wood's green heart, for his soul is
strong ;
Murmureth gently the timid dove,
His crooning song.

Tenderly gathers the dusky eve,
Sweetly gloweth the western sky,
Dark are the shadows the woodlands weave,
Night cometh nigh.

I' the dewy dusk o' the glad Spring night
A footstep stirs as the daylight dies ;
And in the shadow there beameth bright
My love's dear eyes.

NOVEMBER.

MOURNFULLY moaneth the Autumn wind,
Shuddering rhyme the withered reeds,
Over the light the night doth wind,
Telling its beads.

The golden leaves in the forest glow,
Falling with every breath that sighs
Through the shivering aisles where the shadows
grow
As daylight dies.

Eerily calleth the lonely owl ;
Wheeleteth the bat in his ghostly flight ;
The lake shores echo the startled fowl
That cry by night.

A voice in my listening ear hath rung,
And haunteth my soul as the night descends :
Over a mound where the grass grows young
The cypress bends.

HUMBIE WOODS.

THEY crown the heights above the sheltered
bays,
Inviting rest beneath the shadowy trees,
And feather to the hollow where the blaze
Of golden gorse gladdens the honeyed bees.

Sweet are the sun-kissed spaces in their maze,
And sweet the soft cool shade where dies the
breeze ;
A tangled bramble o'er the pathway strays
That leads therein, holding its thorny keys.
Thus thorns of life that guard our peaceful
ways,
When safely passed bring years of honoured ease.

ABERDOUR.

DO you know where the sparkling waters sweep
Over the reach of the silver sand,
Where the wind that sighs in its summer sleep,
Brings the breath of the sea to the heated land?
Do you know the fringe of the beechen glade,
That whispering answers the ocean's boom,
And the path that is dappled with light and shade,
Like the warp and woof of a fairy loom?

Do you know the trees that fringe the bay,
Where their trailing branches sway and sweep,
Kissing the tide, flowing still and grey,
With a motion won from the further deep?
Far out on the blue of the summer sea—
Do you know the holy Isle that lies
With its cool green shores, that seem to be
As still and as calm as Paradise?

Do you know where the trees their branches swing
O'er the fairy dell where the children play,
Where in happy laughter their voices ring
Through the long bright hours of the summer
day?
Where they sing the songs that all children sung,
Nor remember the city's dust and noise :
Do you know these things? Does your heart
grow young
And your soul with the children's souls rejoice?

BOWDEN KIRK.

A HOLY calm rests everywhere,
And peace is over all the scene ;
The drowsy noon is in the air,
And all is blissful and serene.

The Sabbath bell the silence fills,
From Bowden Kirk among the trees ;
And faintly from the Eildon hills,
The echo swells upon the breeze.

The silvered head, the heart of youth,
Hold sweet commune in that abode ;
And listening to the words of truth,
The hamlet bends the knee to God.

Within the churchyard lone and dumb,
A perfect stillness ever dwells ;
Sweet are the memories that come
With chiming of the Sabbath bells.

There rest and peace, here careworn life,
There sleeps the shadow of the light ;
Here endless thought and needless strife,
There blessed respite from the fight.

Faith takes our hands, Love is our guide
Through that dark portal to the Truth,
And these we hold while there abide
The tender memories of youth.

When Winter trends to tardy Spring,
I tread again the classic leas ;
For memories sweet and sadsome cling
Round Bowden Kirk among the trees.

DRYBURGH.

THE western splendour fades into the night,
And faint winds steal upon the Cowden-
knowes;
The purple Eildons wear a fringe of light
Upon their triple brows.

Down in the valley where the river sighs,
Rippling and murmuring o'er its shallow bed,
Ghostly and cold the grey mists softly rise,
Before the eve is dead.

And like to spectres, silent, wan and pale,
They swathe the ruins and the yew tree glade:
The cloister calm lists to the river's wail
That mourns the Wizard's shade.

**And though his bones have mingled with the dust,
His words for ever human hearts shall sway :
The transient beauty of this evening must
Forever pass away.**

SESTINA.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

THERE'S a flutter of wings with the coming
night,
And the dusky depth of the wood is stirred,
For the stock-dove seeks the restful trees,
And the owl awakes in the waning light,
To wing like a ghost in his flight unheard
On pinions soft in the wandering breeze.

The whisper is light of the sweet south breeze
That heralds the queen of the starry night,
And the brook that babbles all day unheard
Awakes, and its tuneful soul is stirred,
As it murmurs its song to the listening trees,
And reflects the moonbeams' twinkling light.

The stars gather strength with the moonbeams'
light,

The Dryads have stolen the dallying breeze ;
The far-away whisper that stirs the trees
Is the soul of the newly-awakened night ;
And the shivering birchen boughs are stirred
By a hand unseen, by a breath unheard.

Then a melody wakes till now unheard,
That thrills with love in the dreamy light ;
And the soul of the holy night is stirred
By the passionate tale to the love-sick breeze,
And the stars are awake in the quivering night
To list to the singer among the trees.

The fragrance of June is upon the trees,
And the moon's white footsteps fall unheard,
As she glides o'er the starry floor of night
To bewitch the world with her ghostly light ;
Her flower has enchanted the slumbering breeze,
That at sunset hour the thicket stirred.

And I hear with rapture the song that stirred
The soul of the night from the silent trees,
That sighed to sleep with the evening breeze,

And woke when Diana with step unheard
Arose on the sleeping world in light,
And crowned with a glory the midsummer night.

Ah ! sweet is the noon of the midsummer night,
When the voice of the singer among the trees
Awakes with a song that is passion-stirred.

SESTINA.

SEPTEMBER NIGHT.

THE moon is sleeping on the flowing tide,
The stars are glittering in the heaving deep,
And all along the marge in misty light,
The billows breaking white are glorified.
They moan and sigh what time in gentle sleep
The world is sunk this sweet September night.

For ever beat the voices through the night,
And trembling murmur with the restless tide,
As inarticulate dreams that vex our sleep,
As if the great heart of the mighty deep,
Whose bosom broad the moon hath glorified,
Would tell his awful secrets by her light.

The ocean's foamy fingers 'neath the light
Feel all along the shore where reigns the Night,
And as they sweep with diamonds glorified,
And haunt the shore with the in-coming tide,
They seem to crawl in hunger from the deep,
That sobbing sighs in his unrestful sleep.

The quiet shore breathes in its balmy sleep,
The leaves are gleaming in the ghostly light,
That floods the darkened world and shimmering
 deep,
Where reigns the starry court of ebon night ;
The slow and solemn throbbing of the tide,
Beats through the hours the moon hath glorified.

I linger where the shore is glorified,
And in the roadstead where the vessels sleep
Still watchful eyes gleam far across the deep ;
They rest from wanderings near the guardian light
That sweeps in flashing radiance through the night,
And bares the awful bosom of the deep.

The varying cadence from the unknown deep
Beats on the ear. The world is glorified
By the fair ruler of the slumbering night ;
And breathing gently in a charmed sleep
Beneath the radiance of the ghostly light,
The wooded shore whispers the calling tide.

And still beats on the ever restless tide,
Since Nature's dawn, when God had glorified
The darkness brooding on the formless deep.

VILLANELLE.

THIS soft and still October night is sweet,
The last faint flush of dying day has fled,
The woods are drowsy for their winter sleep.

No sound is heard, save that the heather-bleat
Breaks the dim silence, winging overhead,
This soft and still October night is sweet.

The gentle summer dewes are past that weep
And cheer the thirsty ground. The earth seems
dead :
The woods are drowsy for their winter sleep.

The woods are hushed, the aspens but repeat
The Lord's command and quake with guilty head ;
This soft and still October night is sweet.

Too soon, too soon, the winter cold will creep
O'er ev'ry bough and quick its glories shed :
The woods are drowsy for their winter sleep.

The summer passed away. Alas ! too fleet,
The autumn sadly makes her golden bed,
This soft and still October night is sweet.

But still the earth a memory will keep
Of soft June days when winter storms have sped :
This soft and still October night is sweet,
The woods are drowsy for their winter sleep.

GLENFARG.

WHEN the silvery light of the sweet Spring day
Is fair over wood and lane,
When the mavis fluteth his tuneful lay,
And pipeth his love-lit strain.

Then the air is full of the blossomed spray
Bedewed with the gentle rain ;
When the silvery light of the sweet Spring day
Is fair over wood and lane.

I love to stray where the Farg in play
Sweeps singing to the plain,
To listen the songbird's lightsome lay,
In the woodland's depths again ;
When the silvery light of the sweet Spring day
Is fair over wood and lane.

AFTER THE STORM.

I HEARD the ocean calling on the beach,
I saw the line of broken waters sweep
In angry clamour where the black rocks reach
Their fangs upon the deep.

Far up the beach the wild sea spume was thrown,
Black water baring its long arms of snow ;
Where twisted shells sing in a mystic tone
The secret things they know.

And ever as the tumult of the seas
Swept to the land with never ceasing roar,
There echoed in the bosom of the trees
The moaning of the shore.

And as the faint winds blowing thyme and musk,
Crept from the waiting woodlands near and
far,
Through the pale vapour of the gathering dusk,
Glimmered the evening star.

EARLY SUMMER.

RONDEL.

THE hawthorn blossom scents the lane,
The foxglove decks the hill,
The perfumed Summer breathes again,
The primrose lingers still.

The violet bright with dewy rain,
Nods by the babbling rill ;
The hawthorn blossom scents the lane,
The foxglove decks the hill.

The fields are green with coming grain,
The ears July will fill,
And we remember Winter's pain,
And Nature's death, until
The hawthorn blossom scents the lane,
The foxglove decks the hill.

RONDEL.

UNRESTFUL I stand where the ocean is
flinging

The long after-swell when the tempest has
flown ;

In my fanciful ear the sirens are singing,
The slumberous music Ulysses had known.

While in cadence unceasing the rollers are swinging,
And mingling their song with the sea-maidens'
tone,

Unrestful I stand where the ocean is flinging
The long after-swell when the tempest has
flown.

The ocean's fresh breath through my senses is
bringing

A freedom of soul in its murmuring moan,
Yet I envy the sea-bird that slowly is winging
In circles of light o'er his infinite home :

Unrestful I stand where the ocean is flinging
The long after swell when the tempest has
flown.

RONDEL.

○ H ! fresh is the breath stealing over the ocean,
And dreamy and soft is the moon's silver
play ;

The flood quivers sweet with a rhythmical motion,
The steeds of the nereids race with the spray.

To woo the pale moon with a lover's devotion
The sea's bosom heaves to her tremulous ray ;
Oh ! fresh is the breath stealing over the ocean,
And dreamy and soft is the moon's silver play.

The hawthorn's perfume like a subtle love-potion,
Is mingling its scent with the breath of the bay ;
I would that my life in its peace and commotion
Were blent like the brine with the blossoms of
May ;

Oh ! fresh is the breath stealing over the ocean,
And dreamy and soft is the moon's silver play.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SEA.

A DAY of perfect peace upon the shore,
When scarce a ripple stirs the languid sea,
Where whispering the waves croon o'er and o'er
Their mystery to me.

Where stretch the shingle and the yellow sand,
They seem to tell a tale of loving quest,
And where the sombre cliffs protect the land,
Their voices speak of rest.

Like long dishevelled hair the sea-weeds sweep
With the slow swelling tide, and where they
grow
O'er cruel reefs that hide beneath the deep,
Sway gently to and fro.

Unbroken is the silence of the shore,
Save for the murmuring rune the wavelets
bring,
And silently above the glassy floor
The sea-birds circling swing.

And ever lisps the whisper on the strand,
But hidden is its mystery to me,
I only hear, I cannot understand
The message of the sea.

SAND CASTLES.

BESIDE the sea a castle strong and steep,
A lordly castle of the yellow sand,
My children built, and battlement and keep
Were raised to look far over sea and strand.
And all around, to save it from the power
Of jealous waves, a moat encircling crept
About the castle, and from its tall tower
A pennon drooped while soft the waters slept.

“And we’ll return,” the merry voices cried,
“To-morrow, where our ramparts proudly
stand,
And raise new towers to look upon the tide,
And grace with flowers our castle on the
sand.”
But with the night a swelling sea arose,
And swept the darkened beach with foam and
roar,
And over tower and keep the billow flows,
A sea-tossed pennon drags upon the shore.

And we build castles on the sands of Time,
 Brave, lordly castles of the golden sand ;
And dream our dreams within a rosy clime,
 And eat the lotus in a lotus land.
In silence comes the sea of iron Fate,
 And sweeps with ruthless waves our joys
 away ;
Our golden dreams and hopes lie desolate,
 Our sand-built castles last but for a day.

BERWICK BAY

I SEE once more the good old town,
I linger near each well-known scene,
And watch the shadows creeping down
The old world streets and lanes between.
Near each loved spot I stray till night
Has drawn her mantle o'er the day,
For there is music in the sight
Of twinkling lights in Berwick Bay.

Under the ramparts near the stream
Whereon the waves moan ceaselessly,
I seem to hear, as in a dream,
Tweed's kisses meeting with the sea ;
Blue skies serenely bend and reach
A sea as blue, whose muffled tune
Comes slowly from the farther beach,
And breaks the slumb'rous peace of noon.

Sweet memories of youth's bright day
Come crowding with the tinkling fall
Of waters as they break and play,
And waken echoes musical.

For youth flies fast on lightsome wing,
And leaves long memories in its train ;
Ah dear dead days ! Ah, happy Spring
That only comes in dreams again.

Through leagues of wood and prairie free
Full far and fleet Mackenzie pours
His waters to the silent sea,
That laves the far-off Arctic shores.
Through varying scenes of field and fell,
Majestic rolls his volume down ;
Ah ! sweeter is the mead and dell,
Tweed seeks to greet her border town.

When night has whispered to the snows,
That hide the Himalayan crest,
The Milky Way shines out as though
It showed the pathway of the blest.
That radiant path of heaven is bright
O'er Simla's hills that sheds its ray ;
But there is music in the sight
Of twinkling lights in Berwick Bay.

THE CHILDREN OF THE STREET.

FROM the short-lived dusk of the winter
streets

Till the midnight hour goes by,
The city's haunted ear repeats
The children's wistful cry.
And the children's faces are wan and grey,
And the children's hands are cold,
As they proffer their wares in the busy way,
And look for a glimpse of pity's ray,
In the face of young and old.

When the streets gleam bright in the moon of May,
Or dream in the dusk of June,
We almost mark a melody
In the lilt of their pleading rune ;
But whenever the Easter's lash of rain
Sweeps cold and desolate,
Their cry is a wail as we pass them by—
A reproach flung back to the bitter sky,
Against their iron fate.

**And Science holds her pallid torch
 To illumine the darkened way,
Where, in their never-ending search,
 They know nor rest nor play.
Their lives are barren, their souls are old
 With the burden of life they bear ;
And the world sweeps on, and its heart is cold,
 And Charity's arms but few enfold
 To the breast that all might share.**

THE CITY SKYLARK.

ABOVE the murmur of the busy street,
There rises overhead thy burst of song,
That cheers perchance one pilgrim's weary feet,
Among the fevered throng.

It tells of visions of a sunlit world,
Green fields and yellow meadows, grass-
grown springs ;
It tells of sunrise with its joys unfurled
And hope on angels' wings.

The space that spreads between thy prison bars,
Is all that thou may'st know of heaven and
light ;
Thy square of turf knows naught of daisied stars,
Or gleam of sunshine bright.

And still with quivering wing and throbbing throat,
Thou singest there an anthem of the free,
The air is joyful with thy liquid note,
The song of liberty.

Though dull and grey be thy November skies,
 Though warm June days above thy roof may
 roll,
No glimpse of heaven may reach thy longing eyes
 To cheer thy prisoned soul.

The swallow twitters neath the sheltered eaves,
 The throstle flutes his love song to his mate ;
And thou, poor soul, but dreams of summer leaves,
 Thy life is desolate.

SPRING.

A RONDEL.

MORE soft than the whispers over the wheat
When the Autumn breeze is sighing,
Is the song of the blackbird piping sweet,
As the fresh Spring day is dying.

When Nature comes from her long retreat,
The vernal showers are flying ;
More soft than the whispers over the wheat
As the Autumn breeze is sighing.

The reapers sing with their sheaves to greet
The golden Autumn lying,
But the song that lightened the sower's feet,
Was a promise of life undying ;
More soft than the whispers over the wheat
As the Autumn breeze is sighing.

SICILIAN OCTAVE.

IN youth's swift ebbing day our only fears
Are that the Sisters in their silent might,
May end this life of transient smiles and tears ;
But when old age has dimmed our fading
sight,
We scarcely thank them for the sparing shears
That leave us moving still beneath the light ;
For smaller grows the circle of our years,
As Time, sure-paced, changes our hair to
white.

DORA.

MY Princess Dora's hair is gold,
Her eyes are blue, her nose retroussé.
Her years are only five all told,
My Princess Dora's hair is gold.
New features every day unfold :
She loves her doll and fondles pussy ;
My Princess Dora's hair is gold,
Her eyes are blue, her nose retroussé.

She often shares her walks with me,
Her shoes are neat, and gay her bonnet ;
She quaintly talks of all we see,
She often shares her walks with me,
And gravely thinks that I am free
To buy the world and all upon it ;
She often shares her walks with me,
Her shoes are neat and gay her bonnet.

When eve draws on she goes to rest,
And then her pillow claims its tenant ;
In raiment white she seeks her nest,
When eve draws on she goes to rest.
'Tis then she makes her small request,
And angels guard my quaint lieutenant ;
When eve draws on she goes to rest,
And then her pillow claims its tenant.

RONDEAU REDOUBLE.

POT POURRI.

AH ! sweet is the breath in this old world vase,
The fragrance of Summer herein has strayed,
Recalling the garden and winding ways
In the sylvan depths where the violets played.

And my heart dreams back to the light and shade
That chequer the path when the zephyr plays
With laughing leaves in a greening glade :
Ah ! sweet is the breath in this old world vase.

And the jar is dainty for sportive fays
Have circled it round in a fairy raid,
And lost in the depths of the rose leaves maze
The fragrance of Summer herein has strayed.

And a subtle sorrow my heart has swayd
For the petals that blushed in a golden haze,
Yet the perfume lives though the leaves may fade,
Recalling the garden and winding ways.

Though withered and sere, still their fragrance
 sways

 The sense as when beauty their life arrayed,
When the blackbird fluted his roundelays.
 In the sylvan depths where the violets played.

Though we mourn the dead when their dust is laid
 In quiet rest, and we twine the bays,
Their souls still live though their tomb is made,
 And memory dreams of bygone days.
 Ah ! sweet. ✓

STENTON KIRK.

THE murmur of the cooing dove
Floats through the languid air,
The drooping lilac bends above
God's acre lying there.

And sweet within the cloudless arc,
A happy carol swings,
The passionate love song of the lark,
That mounts with fluttering wings.

There sleep in peace beloved ones gone,
Here unknown tears were shed.
There in the shade, unwept, alone,
They rest the unknown dead.

Here holy brethren clad in grey,
Once sang in chorus sweet ;
The sacred cloisters' precincts they
Have trod with sandalled feet.

There in far distant old world years
They held of heaven a trust :
The memory of their joys and tears,
Has slipped into the dust.

And in the childhood of the past,
Serene they dreamed away
Contented hours, that never cast
A shade from day to day.

The sunless crypt, the cloister dim,
That live in memory's rime,
Are buried by the reaper grim,
Deep in the wrecks of time.

The faith and hope that with us dwell,
Was theirs in joys and sighs ;
Like to the Rood's pelucid well
That lives and never dies.

And still the dove's soft murmur flows,
Clear is the skylark's lay.
Love lives for ever for it knows
No death and no decay.

A BALLADE OF AN ANGLER.

WHEN winds are breathing faint perfume,
And crimson tints the eastern skies,
When like a spectre from the tomb,
The wan moon slowly fades and dies,
When overhead the skylarks rise,
And love notes from the willows steal :
This is the melody I prize,
The music of the ringing reel.

When overhead the pine-trees gloom,
Where fitfully the low wind sighs—
The woof that threads the river's loom—
While o'er its face the swallow hies.
I mark the noon's half-sleepy eyes,
The murmuring river's wash I feel,
And hear, while sink the deadly flies,
The music of the ringing reel.

When from afar the bittern's boom
Sweeps weirdly, and the land-rail's cries.
Come harshly, when the cornflowers bloom,
Like never-ceasing threnodies.
When o'er the darkened river flies
My careful cast ; to cheer my zeal
There comes a note of sweet surprise,
The music of the ringing reel.

ENVOY.

Prince, howe'er grey or bright the skies
At morn or noon or night may steal
Their onward way, I only prize
The music of the ringing reel.

A BALLADE OF GOLFING.

WHEN the darkening days of the year have
flown,

And the grass is green after Winter's rain;
When the fields are brown and the seed is sown,
And the song-bird carols with joyous strain;
When the violet smiles in the country lane,
And the primrose sweet and the cowslip tall,
Betoken that Spring has resumed her reign,
Then hey ! for the whirr of the flying ball.

When the blythesome light on the breezy loan,
Brings the longest day in its smiling train;
When shadows of eve on the green are thrown,
And the breeze of the upland clears the brain;
When "Fore" is pealing on hill and plain,
And echo repeateth the lusty call;
When the rose-hued Summer has come again,
Then hey ! for the whirr of the flying ball.

When the golden smiles of the year atone
For shortening days and a veering vane :
When October rules from a russet throne,
O'er the woodlands mourning the foliage
slain ;
When the fields are shorn of the golden
grain,
And a touch of the frost is over all ;
When Autumn pleadeth for grace in vain,
Then hey ! for the whirr of the flying ball.

ENVOY.

Prince, in these days of toil and pain,
We welcome the leisure that comes to all,
When the scarlet is donned, with joy again
We hear the whirr of the flying ball.

THE CONVENT GARDEN.

THE fading splendour seeks a golden bed,
And dies reluctant from the darkling sky
The blackbird from the elm-tree overhead
Singeth his melody.

And as the stilly evening breathes again
And bids the waning day a long farewell,
His song is hushed, and like a sweet refrain
Is heard the Vesper bell.

It gently thrills the quiet of the air,
The echoes tremble, linger, faint and cease,
And leave—like sacred years that know no care—
A heritage of peace.

Afar the city's busy hum sweeps on,
For ever in sad measure to the race,
Vexing the brooding air that sleeps upon
This holy, cloistered space.

Ah ! not for us with cares and doubts opprest—
As Time's swift sands run swifter with our
years,
Is this sweet haven of beloved rest,
That knows not toil nor fears.

VILLANELLE.

THE TEMPEST.

THE haunted Isle has held me in its spell,
Where storm and calm obeyed the Master's
wand,
And I have lingered where fair spirits dwell.

Soft as the murmur in the spiralled shell,
Sweet whisperings breathed when Ariel waved
his hand ;
The haunted Isle has held me in its spell.

The fair Miranda from her sea-girt cell
Awoke to love in the enchanted land :
And I have lingered where fair spirits dwell.

The mirthful twain have pleased me passing well,
And my soul shook at Caliban the banned ;
The haunted Isle has held me in its spell.

Justice has drawn her sword, and Treason fell,
That the wronged Duke might yet with
honour stand ;
And I have lingered where fair spirits dwell.

With fond farewells vanished the spirit band :
We, too, are dreams, this now I understand :
The haunted Isle has held me in its spell,
And I have lingered where fair spirits dwell.

THE MEETING.

THE quavering call of a lonely bird
Comes mournfully through the dusk,
From the dewy wood that the breeze has stirred,
Comes the scent of rose and musk.

The harvest moon is with fire aglow
Adown in the purple sky ;
And the evening wind has murmured low
Her name as it wandered by.

I have listened long to the whispered talk
That comes from the barley white,
For the sound of a step in the winding walk,
In the hush of the Autumn night.

Then I hear the sweep of her simple dress,
And my pulses throb and start ;
And bright is the thymy wilderness
In the depths of the woodland's heart ;

As I breathe in her presence once again,
As I touch her finger tips :
I think no more of the waiting pain,
For I kiss her cheek and lips.

So under the moon of the Autumn night,
With loving hands entwined,
We walk in a dreamland fair and bright,
And we leave the world behind.

VILLANELLE.

SAVE in my sleep I never see her face ;
I tread life's path in silence and alone,
Then on my dim dream walls her smile I trace.

I watch the heavy hours that slowly pace,
And creep to joyous night upon the stone ;
Save in my sleep I never see her face.

The months go by, Summer and Autumn's grace ;
Peace comes with night, whene'er the day is
done ;
Then on my dim dream walls her smile I trace.

Time was when rosy love the hours would chase,
But that is past : therefore I make my moan ;
Save in my sleep I never see her face.

The belfry tells the slow and tardy race :
The heavy hours drag till the night has come,
Then on my dim dream walls her smile I trace.

I would that for a little waking space,
I might behold the dear dead form that's gone;
Save in my sleep I never see her face.

But yester eve I kissed again the lace
That bound her fan, a subtle scent was blown—
Then on my dim dream walls her smile I trace.

The flowers she loved I planted in the space
That guards the narrow bed she lies upon;
Save in my sleep I never see her face;
Then on my dim dream walls her smile I trace.

WHITE HEATHER.

FOR her I pulled the spray of heather white ;
I rarely see her, so I penned this rhyme :
They both may speak the language of delight.

I pondered much within my garden bright,
What flowers I might arrange or sprays combine :
But none could quite convey my words aright.

So out upon the heath in sunshine bright
My steps went wandering a tuneful time,
Until I found and pulled the heather white.

I watch the shadows changing, noon to night,
And chide the lazy hours of slow-paced time
That bring so little joy to me, or light.

She spends her days in passionless delight,
Her heart is not attuned to beat with mine,
Until I hold her hand and claim my right

To shield her from all danger and affright ;
Only to honour, and throughout all time
To offer her on bended knee the right
To rule my life with Love's own sceptre bright.

EDWARD CARPENTER.

WHEN years have passed away, we vainly sigh
For halcyon days our youth passed idly by :
The skylark's hymn now falls on muffled ears,
Our lives are grey with haunting, unknown
fears ;
The bright Hesperides far away still lie.

The years pass on beneath a changeful sky,
And little change comes as they onward fly ;
But hope for better days shines through our
tears,
When years have passed away.

A clearer hymn than skylark's rhapsody
Rings from thy lips amid the tragedy,
Where wait the Fates with ever ready shears ;
For thou hast sung how bright this world
appears—
In tuneful notes of soulful melody—
When years have passed away.

MORAG.

THE deer seeks his bride by the moor and the
mountain,
The cormorant flies with his mate by the sea ;
The moon kisses softly the wave of the fountain,
But my Morag comes only in memory to me.

The tide on the shore is a requiem pealing,
And sadly the wind whistles over the lea,
And dark is the shadow that's over the sheiling,
For my Morag comes only in memory to me.

When over the sea comes the light of the morrow,
When cool are the shadows on tarn and on
tree,
With tears on my pillow I wake to my sorrow,
For my Morag comes only in memory to me.

Oh, love in the land that knows nothing of sadness,

When the grave's awful gloom in the morning shall flee ;

I shall tread there alone, and awake in my gladness,

And welcome the morn that brings Morag to me.

AUTUMN.

FAIR fingers touch Heaven's portals, and the
star
That bears the breath of morn upon its wings
Fades slowly; and the sweet-briar's fragrance
brings
Lost memories of summer morns afar.

Where the pale harebell's dainty chalice swings
Above the pathway, and where violets share
The shadows with the woodruff's scented rings,
There comes a burst of music sweet and rare,
That swells across the daisy-spangled lawn,
And dies upon the wood's dew laden hem.

A passion-shaken anthem of the dawn
Chants at this hour Love's farewell requiem.
Ah, me! that Love should cease in summer-
time,
And die when all fair things are in their prime.

THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

TOUCHED by the fingers of the wandering
wind,
Comes thy melodious cadence on the air ;
For Zephyr plays with unseen fingers there,
Chiding in subtle music the unkind,
And tardy wooing of the April days.
Thy murmur swells upon the changeful breeze,
That bears a promise as it lingering strays
About the garden and the waiting trees.
Thy ready chords the faintest breath obeys,
Like transient ripples over moonlit seas ;
Clothing in harmony the living air,
Voicing the quickening spirit that around
Tells of its gentle mission everywhere—
A soul environed by a shadowy sound.

YOU'RE MAIR THAN WELCOME.

THOUGH fareweels mak' the saut tears start,
An' meikle, meikle is oor pain ;
Thae words we speak wi' a' oor heart,
You're mair than welcome back again.

You're mair than welcome back again,
You're mair than welcome back again ;
Thae words we speak wi' a' oor heart,
You're mair than welcome back again.

When mornin' breaks on ither scenes,
An' mony leagues divide us twain ;
Though memory wakes but in your dreams,
You're mair than welcome back again.

You're mair than welcome back again,
You're mair than welcome back again ;
Though memory wakes but in your dreams,
You're mair than welcome back again.

When ither hands are held in thine,
An' words you hear o' love fu' fain ;
An' though oor very names you tine,
You're mair than welcome back again.

You're mair than welcome back again,
You're mair than welcome back again ;
An' though oor very names you tine,
You're mair than welcome back again.

An' though your gentle dreams decay,
Oh, may your love but still remain ;
For leal hearts ower the Border say
You're mair than welcome back again.

You're mair than welcome back again,
You're mair than welcome back again ;
For leal hearts ower the Border say,
You're mair than welcome back again.

GRIERSON OF LAG.

SIR Robert has risen at break o' day,
In the spring time o' the year ;
He has belted his sword upon his thigh,
An' mounted his guid grey mear.

An' he's gathered his men in the mornin' licht,
To the hunt he has a mind ;
Yet never the tod or the fallow deer
Is the game he thinks to find.

The merle has piped to the risin' sun,
As oot at the yett he gaes ;
An' the heather-bleat has called his mate,
By Maxwellton's bonny braes.

An' they ride ower hill an' they ride through dale,
An' down by the dark Wolf's Slock ;
An' aye Sir Robert rides at their heid,
Wi' een for the puir hill-folk.

An' they've catchit a laddie wi' een like the sky,
His hair's like the gowden sheen ;
An' Sir Robert has speired if aucht he kens,
Or auld Tam Glen has seen.

They've questioned him baith lang and sair,
But he daurna' tell the truth ;
For weel kens he o' auld Tam Glen,
An' his hert is in his mouth.

An' the laddie lookit as through a mist,
For his een the saut tears gem ;
" I 'se tell ye noucht o' my faither's friend,"
He says to him and them.

Deep breethit the red wud Laird o' Lag ;
An' he sweers he'll gar him say,
Or he'll drap him down in the Linn's red flood,
Whaur the rocks mak' nicht o' day.

An' the laddie's tongue is thick wi' tears,
An' he prayeth them on his knee :
" Hae nane o' ye weans o' your ain at hame,
That ye lat a bairnie dee ? "

But he speaketh to ane that hath nae ruth,
Nae qualms ever stirred his hert.
“Gin ye’ll no’ tell me o’ auld Tam Glen,
Your soul an’ you maun pairt.”

He’s grippit him sair by the red gowd hair,
The laddie hears the Red Linn pourin’ ;
An’ he’s speired him ower an’ ower again !
The laddie hears the kelpie roarin’.

Wild swirls the Red Linn’s angry flood :
There’s bluid upon the stane ;
Sir Robert, he has an empty hand—
His soul, a murdered wean.

He’s turned an’ leuch to his troopers syne,
But never a lauch gied they ;
But grippit their swords wi’ a fearsome look,
But daurna’ mak’ them play.

Sir Robert has tryit anither lauch,
Like a lost soul lauchs he now :
“Sweet are the pickin’s aff that whalp’s banes
The corbies sall hae, I trow.”

A mither has fand a murdered wean
In the pool at the Red Linn's fit,
An' the wound that straikit his bonny broo
Wi' her tears she has washit it.

She's rowed him in her airmis twa,
An' borne him till her hame ;
She has straikit his limbs and kaimit his hair,
An' ower him greets her lane.

When the winds are still, and the Linn's red flood
Is fed wi' the Beltane rain,
There rises a soond in the howe o' the nicht,
Like a bairn that greets its lane.

ANNETTE.

A WORLD of language lies within thine eyes,
Night's sable tresses fringe thy mobile lids,
Nereids that haunted the enchanted isles,
Enslaved the wave worn wanderer of the seas ;
Thou with thy tender glances and thy smiles
That move the heart to gladness and to sighs
Enslavest, as of old the Nereids.

CATHERINE.

COULD I but tell the future from her face
And shape her pathway through the coming
years,

Then would I bid her better angel trace
Her path of roses, knowing naught of tears :
Enduring all things with a soul sedate,
Regarding trials with a tranquil mind,
In all things calm, remembering that fate
No sorrow holds for her, who unconfined
Enshrines her thoughts in all things good and pure.

RONDEL.

WHEN Ella died the year was in the wane,
She faded when the Autumn lingering sighed,
The days were darkening for the Winter rain
When Ella died.

Thoughtful she always was, as one allied
To those pure souls who free from care and
pain,
Watched by her bed and lingered by her side.

When Ella died, wishful I was and fain
To share her narrow bed, and there abide ;
I marked nor life, nor death, nor loss, nor gain,
When Ella died.

TRIOLETS.

I.

HE.

THERE'S no tobacco like Perique,
Of all that's brought across the ocean];
From Galveston to Chesapeake,
There's no tobacco like Perique.
To praise it you will find a week
Is much too short for your devotion.
There's no tobacco like Perique,
Of all that's brought across the ocean.

II.

SHE.

To praise tobacco's like a man,
To write it rhymes and dote upon it ;
He *once* wrote verses to my fan ;
To praise tobacco's like a man.
He spends his money and he *can*,
But grumbles when I buy a bonnet.
To praise tobacco's like a man,
To write it rhymes and dote upon it.

III.

SHE.

Oh ! isn't this a *lovely* bonnet ?

A beauty and a joy for ever,
It's worth an epic or a sonnet !

Oh ! isn't this a lovely bonnet ?
No wonder that I dote upon it,
It's dainty, pretty, *chic* and clever.

Oh ! isn't this a lovely bonnet ?
A beauty and a joy for ever.

VILLANELLE.

MIDSUMMER'S NIGHT'S DREAM.

**I 'VE sorrowed with the short-lived tears and
sighs**

**Of Helena and Hermia won and wed,
And Puck has played his pranks before my eyes.**

**Fairies have held high revels 'neath the skies,
And Hermia mourned Lysander lost or dead,
I've sorrowed with the short-lived tears and sighs.**

**The love-sick Helena ! her ecstasies
When Oberon's philtre had its mission sped,
And Puck has played his pranks before my eyes.**

**And mingling with the Dream were melodies
That charmed the lovers' ears' mid flowers
dew-fed :
I've sorrowed with the short-lived tears and sighs.**

**The Athenian clown I've met in fearsome guise,
My laughter rippled with the wit he spread,
And Puck has played his pranks before my eyes.**

**Thanks to the work which lives and never dies,
And to the art recalling days long fled,
I've sorrowed with the short-lived tears and sighs,
And Puck has played his pranks before my eyes.**

MEMORIES.

THE shadows deepen in the room,
As daylight slowly dies ;
The firelight flickers through the gloom ;
Without the night-wind sighs.

The buried years drift in their sleep,
And in the fitful blaze,
From Memory's haunted chambers creep
The ghosts of other days.

When life was young and memories
Held faith and love alone ;
When sleepy lids o'er drowsy eyes,
Drooped when the day had gone.

The thousand carols undefined
That thrilled the morning air ;
The awful mystery of the wind
That shook the climbing stair.

The friend I loved in those lost days,
The soul of hope and truth ;
The flickering gleams his form upraise,
The hero of my youth.

And close beside me where I sit,
Within the firelight's glow
I see, while changing shadows flit,
My love of long ago.

I hear the murmur of the Tweed,
My joy is touched with pain ;
I see the sweep of sunlit mead,
I hold her hand again.

And as the twilight in my room
Bridges the weary years,
She fades into the tender gloom,
Behind a mist of tears.

The hearth grows cold, the red glow dies,
A deeper shade is cast ;
The wailing night-wind faintly sighs
And mourns the vanished past.

BESIDE THE RIVER.

BESIDE the river where it dreams away
In sombre stillness like a god asleep,
My lady found me, and the warm June day
Was full of new delight ; I ceased to sweep
For hidden treasure, and the placid way
Drifted untroubled, save where softly creep
The yellow water lilies' garlands gay :
And through my frame I felt my pulses leap.

I knew the courage hope allies to pride,
And told my tale, and in the golden noon
The faint air paused to listen, ere it found
The smile it made upon the sleeping tide ;
With happy eyes I claimed a gracious boon,
And in Love's Kingdom stood a king new
crowned.

THE TRAMWAY TRACE-HORSE.

THERE'S a wrench at the bit and a sudden
crash

Of hoofs that strive to grip,
A leap of pain as the stinging lash
Corrects the quivering slip.
The sinews strain, and the muscles crack,
As the long ascent's begun ;
And the knotted cord on the tracer's back
Never ends its play till the sweltering hack
The heavy grade has won.

With blood-red nostrils and eyes aflame,
He wearily turns aside,
The trace-boy clambers, with clutch of mane
To his seat, and there astride,
With never a thought of right or wrong
And never a gleam of grace,
He hums a catch as he strolls along,
And beats the refrain of his rowdy song
On the ribs of the patient trace.

And the trace-horse waits with weary feet,
His task in the fateful roll
Of the coming car on the level street—
The iron in his soul.
With body racked with the ceaseless strain,
His very heart is sick—
He sadly turns to his task again,
With it's bitter toil and needless pain,
At the trace-boy's brutal kick.

When the buzzy has boomed to the toiling crowd
The note of another day ;
When the dial's shade to the East has bowed,
And noon has passed away ;
When the curfew has rung to the ear of night
Day's requiem to the stars,
We witness unmoved the humbling sight
Of Justice sheathing her sword of might
At the rumbling of the cars.

THE TRAMWAY-HORSES.

FROM the dawn of day till the noon of night,
There's a hammer of iron feet ;
With a rhythmic beat on the stones they smite,
And an endless task repeat.
The driver handles the whistling scourge
When the road slopes up before,
And the jerking reins the cattle urge,
As the car rolls on like the sullen surge
That beats upon the shore.

When the winds are sweet and the skies are bright,
And the days are warm with Spring,
We joy in the God-given air and light,
And the birds are carolling.
But what of the sad eternal beat,
To which we give never a thought ?
Though the eyes of the driven creatures speak,
In a mute appeal for the rest they seek
From the roll of the Juggernaut.

No respite theirs, and from day to day
 They ply their hopeless task ;
When the streets are gay with the breath of May,
 Relief they vainly ask.
And in the short dark days they sigh
 For escape from car and street,
When the wind comes out of a bitter sky,
And the snow and salt on the roadway lie,
 To rot their aching feet.

Could they but speak what a cry would rise
 To startle the callous street.
It would ring in a shriek to the listening skies,
 And fall at the Judgment Seat.
With wrongs unrighted their way they wend,
 For the grip of fate is hard ;
The stable-boy is their only friend,
And they only ask at their journey's end
 A grave in the knacker's yard.

FOREVER.

LIKE him who sleeps a dreamless sleep and
wakes

To find that he has slept and sleeps again,
The cold earth stirs, and all the winds are fain
To soothe the untimely stirring that it makes.
The ceaseless dripping of the burdened eaves,
Seem Spring's first tears that o'er the earth are
shed.

To-morrow claims the birthright of to-day,
And this sweet vanguard of the gentle Spring,
Is earnest of the days that are in store,
When honeyed breath shall o'er the garden stray,
And the glad world shall laugh with rippling leaves,
Then red and gold again shall slumber bring,
And the tired earth shall dreamless sleep once
more.

SPRING.

I T is the time when the awakened earth
Is starred with early Summer blossoming,
And through the living air the starlings wing
And chatter of June days that near their birth ;
When with the passing of the gentle rain,
The sweetbriar sends its fragrance through
the street,
And o'er the pathway from the railed retreat,
Droops the laburnum's golden graceful train ;
And the winds breathe, as if they late had come
From some warm South that knows no bitter
North
Or darkened days, and bear with them along
The love notes of a blackbird near his home,
Full of the Spring-time, for his soul breaks forth
And floods the twilight with his mellow song.

WINTER GUESTS.

THE Wizard had woven his ancient spell,
And out of the starlit night,
The dust from his unseen pinions fell,
The herald of his might.

It silvers the grass and the lifeless spray
Of the hedgerow in the lane ;
Strange fairy work of quaint inlay
Grows swift on the window pane.

The reeds that border the silent reach
Where the waters slept before,
Are dead and dry by the frozen beach,
And sway by the waveless shore.

A pilgrim has left the empty wood,
Near by he pipeth clear,
He wears the stain of the holy rood,
And the dress of the dying year.

And with him, there come to my garden bare,
From the hedgerow and the street,
The shy and the bold that they may share
The guerdon at their feet.

So I scatter crumbs to a happy band
That flutters joyously,
For I know that a watchful Father's hand
Scattereth crumbs for me.

A SUBURBAN IDYL

EACH morning shortly after eight,
He stands expectant at the gate,
To give her greeting ;
Anear the welcome engine shrieks,
His eye lights up, for it bespeaks
The coming meeting.

And thus they meet, from moon to moon,
I see them there, or late or soon
Round her he hovers ;
And then anon with step sedate,
They walk ; the while I contemplate
These early lovers.

Sometimes I take with manner cold
A furtive glance, I might be bold
And take a bolder ;
My timid glance might be a stare,
She has no vision anywhere
Beyond his shoulder.

That shoulder once so square and straight,
Inclines to her who rules his fate,
 (The dear sweet lisper),
For music he in no way pants ;
What's Mendelssohn ? he only wants
 To hear her whisper.

I've seen this gallant desolate,
Mourning her absence at the gate
 With mien dejected ;
He scans the platform's vacant space,
Love and despair upon his face
 Are seen reflected.

Sometimes *he* comes not, and the maid
Looks round, I see she is dismayed,
 Were I to proffer
An escort, would she have his place
Supplied by me, and look with grace
 Upon my offer ?

She might be bold, I think she's shy,
Perhaps 'twere better not to try
 To break her quiet :
No doubt 'tis better as it is
She'd like my nonsense less than his,
 So I'll not try it.

Dream on, fond lovers, I were fain
To claim the bliss you know again
 At every meeting :
Ah me, your springtime seems to cast
An echo from my buried past
 To give you greeting.

No doubt some day the happy hours
Will bring a scent of orange flowers—
 May you preserve them—
You'll send a favour with the cake—
Pardon the liberty I take—
 Don't I deserve them ?

REID OF WARRISTON.

SIR John rides doon through Warriston
Upon the Monday morn
And wae for you my bonny bairn
That ever you were born.

He's met the ladies in their bower,
He's ta'en them till his ha',
But the bride o' Reid o' Warriston
Is fairest o' them a'.

Her hair is like the raven's wing,
Her broo is like the snaw ;
His lost love sits and bleers her e'en
Within the birken shaw.

He's kissed me in the greenwood shaw,
An' by the gurly sea,
A love lock o' his gowden hair
In a ring he's bound for me.

Far off I hear the sound of bells
The sough of minstrelsy,
But I have dree'd my weary weird,
My bairn is on my knee.

An' its wha sall busk my bonny doo
Gin' I leave you behind,
Nor hoose, nor hauld sall tak ye in,
Nae welcome sall ye find.

An could sall be thy bed, my bairn,
Where I sall sleep wi' thee,
Nae mair for me the birken shaw
Nor yet the gurly sea.

O white sall be thy bonny broo,
An' could sall be thy cheeks,
And draigled a' thy yellow hair
Whereon the water dreeps.

The water sobs amang the stanes,
The gurly sea is bare,
It leaves the tangle on the beach,
Is't weed or gowden hair?

PHYLLIS.

LAST night the world was fair,
I walked by a path I knew,
By the river side I took my way,
The hills from purple grew to grey,
For the soul of the night was there.

Phyllis walked by the mill,
The scent of the rose was blown
With the fragrant dew across her path,
This was the time when the aftermath
Is brown upon the hill.

I held her dainty hand,
She has made my life so sweet,
The night wind hushed its tremulous sighs,
And closed the gentle daisies' eyes,
To listen and understand.

The moon rose o'er the corn,
The stars gleamed through the dusk,
We wandered in a golden light,
And breathless was the autumn night
That saw a love new born.

LALLA.

SHE views the world with grave untroubled eyes,
Within whose depths sweet calm serenely lies ;
No thought has vexed her rest,
No echo from the roaring world without
Has touched her peace, no troubling doubt
Has cast a shadow on her life, so young, so fair :
Her smile is bright,
Bright as the ripples of her uncaught hair ;
And while I hear her speak,
Then like the murmur in the wreathed shell,
That bears a message from its long lost sea,
There stirs a chord of memory, and I dwell
A fleeting moment in a vanished land,
And dimly dream
Of what I lightly held when life was young,
And all that might have been.

THE HAWTHORN.

A RONDEL.

FAIR herald of Summer that decketh the lane
With delicate blossom of white,
Thou art draping the hedge-row with colour again,
As thy petals unfold to the light.

The dews in thy chalice may fitly contain
A philtre of fairyland bright ;
Fair herald of summer that decketh the lane
With delicate blossom of white.

From the depths of thy leafage there cometh a
strain—

An evensong hymn of delight,
Thy scent is abroad with the dew and the rain
On the infinite heart of the night ;
Fair herald of Summer that decketh the lane
With delicate blossom of white.

BALLADE OF THE CYCLIST.

WHEN the blackthorn opens her starry eyes,
And the snow has vanished from road and
lane ;

When across the face of the April skies
The swift clouds carry the quickening rain ;
When the earth has forgotten the winter's pain,
And the winds of spring o'er the woodland steal,
We welcome the season when once again
Our pulses thrill on the noiseless wheel.

When the odorous breath of the lilac sighs,
And a delicate haze is over the plain ;
When the sun of June on the landscape lies,
And the jasmine climbs to the window pane ;
When the hay is sweet on the loaded wain,
And the breath of summer again we feel,
As we sweep past fields of the ripening grain,
Our pulses thrill on the noiseless wheel.

When the fading year in a glory dies,
And the autumn holds her pensive reign ;
 Still over the road our cycle flies,
 And we mourn the shortening days in vain ;
While the gloomy winter nights remain,
When the ways are frozen as hard as steel,
 And the road is touched with a ruddy stain,
 Our pulses thrill on the noiseless wheel.

ENVOY.

Prince, though the year sweeps on amain,
And brings us woe or brings us weal,
 We forget all frets as once again
 Our pulses thrill on the noiseless wheel.

THE CAGED BLACKBIRD.

WHEN morning breaks and faint winds meet
Thy song that, in a cadence sweet
Swims o'er the early worker's way ;
A dream of hedgerows bright with May,
Comes a regretful moment fleet.

Fain would thy mellow carol greet
Thy vanished love, in thy retreat
Thy fond heart knows but yesterday,
When morning breaks.

Thy wings no more again may beat
In freedom, nor beneath thy feet
May bend the hawthorn's scented spray ;
Lost is the fragrant forest way
To thee, lone prisoner of the street,
When morning breaks.

ELIE.

HERE, where the rolling links sweep to the
shore,

The North Sea makes his immemorial moan ;

The touch of sadness in the weary tone

The shells have caught and keep for evermore.

High overhead the skylarks singing soar ;

Their hymn of love adown the wind is blown,

To where the listening mothers sit alone,

And guard with brooding care their dainty store.

A time of sweetest dalliance, for the day

Is filled with sunshine and the sea's low dirge ;

April in smiles is drawing everywhere

The tender shoots and bursting buds to
share

The promise laden, sunlit lap of May ;

And still for ever moans the barren surge.

CANTY BAY.

THERE is a murmur all around the bay,
Where sun-kissed waves sweep flashing to the
shore ;

As if the heart of ocean in its roar
Would voice its secrets to the listening day,
And tell of sea graves hidden far away,

Amid the darkened cavern's hoarded store,
Where orphan's cry nor widow's moan may come,
Where waiting silence reigns for evermore.

And though it crimps the ever golden sand,
There is a menace in its joyous glee,
As in its ebb and flow unceasingly
It claims and leaves and claims again the
land ;

And evermore where wails the restless sea,
An echo stirs of God's eternity.

FEARS.

I F the pale presence of white Death should come,
And spread apace within her darkened room,
And with his icy fingers through the gloom
Touch her warm lips, and make them henceforth
dumb.

My saddened heart should reckon up the sum
Of blessed years, ere yet the heedless tomb
Had claimed this flower in paradise to bloom,
And left my life hopeless, and dark, and numb.
And this sweet martyr held my hand to-day,
And looked the love her lips would fain unfold,
And while I stood, my heart was numbering
The priceless years of priceless love untold ;
And while I stood, soft sleep assumed its sway ;
I kissed her brow and left her slumbering.

FRANCES.

FAIR blossom from a fairer world than this :
Radiant of coming girlhood's witching charm,
As if the scented velvet of your cheek
Narcissus-like loved its own loveliness :
Child of a fairyland, with eyes that speak
Emotions of a soul devoid of harm,
Safe be thy passage over life's wide sea.

THE CHARWOMAN.

GRIM penury and want had limned her face,
Her hands were hardened with unceasing toil,
Her mein abject, as if the very soil
Had touched her soul and left its sordid trace ;
And yet I marked the chastened tender grace
Of gentle Womanhood, the mute appeal
Of eyes long used to look if there might steal
A moment's pity in the world's swift race.
Beyond the haunting shadow in her eyes,
That seemed to speak of few brief years to run,
When friendless and alone she nears her rest,
With tired hands gently folded on her breast,
I seem to see her as she meekly sighs—
Her head in reverence bent—"Thy will be done."

ABERDEEN

SERENE above the clamour of the sea
She sits, a mistress clothed in granite grey,
And looks abroad beyond the flashing spray
That gems her garment's edge perpetually.
Here where the rolling tides of Don and Dee
Dividing sweep around her feet alway,
May she not sit immovably as they
Who planned the Pyramids immutably?
She sits in peace, her sceptre she to-day
Holds out unto the Empire's farthest hem ;
Her children's feet have trod a distant clime,
And though her walls may crumble and decay,
Yet shall her memory awaken them
With echoes from the wasting shore of Time.

AVE ATQUE VALE.

LONG years ago it wimpled through the broom,
And heard the lark's clear matin in the sky,
And slipped with limpid footfall drowsily
Adown the slope, among the yellow broom.
The cunning trout lurked in the short lived gloom
Of arching banks with fringe of rushes high.
Here children played in summers long gone by,
Their sunny hair is dust within the tomb.
Long lost, for centuries dead, it wakes and hears
The roaring tide and tumult of the streets ;
The spade has bared its sepulchre of stone ;
For one brief moment in its countless years
The sun and living air again it greets,
And then the earth enfolds it and 'tis gone.

THE BASS ROCK.

BEYOND the throbbing tumult of the day,
Beyond the restless murmur on the shore,
In solemn majesty this remnant hoar,
Bears silent witness to a bygone sway.
Year after year it sees the laughing play
Of dimpled waves, or hears the organ roar
Of angry tides resistlessly that pour
In cataracts, with flying spume and spray.
Here the wild sea-birds unmolested soar,
And find a sanctuary for their clamouring
brood
Beside the ruins, where the martyrs' blood
Has made this spot of earth as holy ground :
And while the sea shall compass it around,
This rock shall be a fane for evermore.

DOROTHY.

DEAREST of all in my rose garden gay,
Of her I sing, for tender is the love
Reposing in her little heart for me.
Oft in my thoughtful moments do I pray
That I may shield her from all grief alway :
Heaven sent this dainty blossom graciously,
Yearning to make this world like that above.

THE NORTH BRIDGE.

THEY are picking me to pieces bit by bit,
They are buttressing my key-stones with their
 planks ;
And murmuring my homeless pigeons sit
 On the house-tops and bewail my broken ranks.

The derrick clanks its never-ceasing song,
 As it sends aloft its carbon-laden wreath ;
The creaking trolley bumps my bones along,
 To the throbbing of the Westinghouse beneath.

They have bared my hidden soul before the day,
 They have wrenched the very marrow from my
 bones,
And o'er my riven heart the sunbeams play,
 And wild winds boom my requiem in their tones.

My foundations they have scattered to make way
For the stone that marketh my successor's leap ;
And the valley will no longer know my sway,
For they've sent his founding fifty fathoms deep.

I have heard the pounding engines crash and moil
To scatter wide the traffic from my sight ;
At my feet the death shriek of the sons of toil,
Has made the widow's face grow stark and white.

I have borne the bridal party in its bliss ;
I have borne the burden with its funeral wreath ;
The shuddering stars have whispered to me this—
Here the suicide has welcomed grisly death.

From a race of Scottish kings I took my rise,
I was fashioned in an exile's brain in France ;
And now there looms before my dying eyes,
A brilliant epoch of the Renaissance.

I remember when my arches would repeat
The lapwing's cry, the curlew's eerie note ;
Now they echo, a wild screaming at my feet,
And the pulsing of the iron racer's throat.

I have carried in my time the lumbering chair,
Led onward by the link-boy's flickering star ;
Now the night is brightened by a pallid glare,
And my arches bear the overladen car.

I have heard the Forty's-Five's last dying tide
Sweep down the street that bounds my southern
slope,

When in the city by the Arno's side
There sank in death the Stuart's pride and hope.

I have seen the netted iron slowly creep,
Spreading broader yard by yard as years
swept on,

Till at the sounding valley's southern sweep,
Æsculapius has mourned his garden gone.

I have seen a cultured city's rising grace,
I have mourned a vanished city of the past ;
And though I cease for ever yet I trace
A nobler, purer city than the last.

And with the circling suns that slowly cease
To crown my head, I see the future years
Bring in their train a universal peace
That ends long centuries of sighs and tears.

No more the sword is dipped in brother's blood,
No more is mankind making might their right,
For full upon the world there rolls the flood
Of love to full fruition in my sight.

EFFIE.

I KNEW her by her wealth of auburn hair,
And backward flowed the rolling tide of time,
And bore me to my short lived boyhood's prime,
Wherein no thought perplexed me, and no care
Drifted across the adolescent air.
I dreamed again in an enchanted clime,
Wherein my life flashed in a joyous rhyme,
And with me was the sunshine everywhere.
Time's hand had touched her kindly, and I knew
Her heart was young, although the gentle years
Had slipped serenely since I held her hand ;
Her smile was gracious, and again was seen
The spirit of our friendship, and the fears
I thought to know, were as they ne'er had been.

BERTHA.

BEAUTY that knows a Mother's tender touch,
Endows thy nature with a nameless charm,
Rich is thy youth with favours that disarm
The slipping sands that slip for us so fast.
Hope on thy near horizon gleameth bright,
And love still claims thy present and thy past.

MARIE.

MELODIOUS as a fountain's tinkling fall
Are thy entrancing accents on my ear,
Renewing dear delights that never pall ;
In hours of dalliance, they forever dear
Entwine my heart in memories musical.

ISOBEL.

IN melody you charm the willing thought,
Sinking to pleasant day-dreams by your power
Of rendering sweetly what some master caught,
By touching lightly with Cecelia's dower
Each graceful note enlinking tendernessee,
Leaving a vague regret in idlenessee

FAIRY FOLK.

WHEN the world is asleep and the woods are
still,

And the lime trees gently quiver ;
When the moon climbs over the distant hill,
And silvers the rippling river.

When the bat pursues his winking flight
Through the mystic moonlight coolness ;
And the dewy heart of the fragrant night
Is sweet with a blossomed fullness.

When the rich laburnum's tresses droop
In gold o'er the sleeping roses,
Where the pathway winds, the lilies stoop,
And the marguerite reposes.

Then the fairies come from their haunts and swing
With the wood gnomes in their pleasure,
With dainty steps they form a ring,
And quaint is their graceful measure.

And under the moon of the summer night,
Where the dew-drops brightly glisten—
And sparkle in the tender light,
The winds are hushed to listen.

The glow-worm trims his dainty lamp,
Where the shadows deep are sleeping,
And the lady fern and the mosses damp
Over the brook are peeping.

When the day star over the forest gleams,
And the dawn is on the mountain ;
No sound is heard in that land of dreams,
Save the murmur of the fountain.

For the fairy folk have fallen asleep
In the fox glove's drowsy chalice,
And the fairy queen finds slumber deep
In the poppy's scarlet palace.

And if ever you chance by a fairy glade,
Where the grass is smooth and level,
You may see the rings in the forest shade,
Where the fairies held their revel.

VILLANELLE.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

THE curfew peals the advent of the night,
And as the day's soft twilight dreams away.
The regal city wears a crown of light.

Where day last lingered, Venus, clothed in white,
Sees other beams than Mar's return her ray :
The curfew peals the advent of the night.

From east to west there breaks upon the sight
A burst of suns whose lives a touch obey :
The regal city wears a crown of light.

The dreaming trees awake to fresh delight,
And see new stars rise in the twilight grey :
The curfew peals the advent of the night.

The frowning Castle, from its throne of might,
Regards with silent awe the Royal way :
The regal city wears a crown of light.

Fair Science, like a victor from the fight,
By fairer hands is crowned this April day :
The curfew peals the advent of the night,
The regal city wears a crown of light.

BRITANNIA.

BRITANNIA keeps the seas,
No foe is there she fears ;
She's braved the strength of every breeze
For twice five hundred years.
She knows no setting sun,
Undimmed her victories shine,
A priceless heritage she's won,
A glorious battle line.

And while the Thistle grows,
And on our shield is seen,
To blend its beauty with the Rose,
And the Shamrock's tender green.
United evermore,
Till o'er us grows the sod,
A triune nation we adore
Our country and our God.

The record of her reign,
 Would make the fearful bold,
And she can sweep the seas again
 As in the days of old.
Her wooden walls have past
 With him who nobly spoke
Of Duty's call, and still they cast
 A charm o'er hearts of oak.

Her sons beyond the wave,
 But wait on her behest,
And freely yield the blood she gave,
 Till east has met the west.
No factions make her move,
 No treason stalks abroad,
And firm she stands, while firm we love,
 Our country and our God.

Translations.



THE TREES.

FROM POL DE MONT.

FOR ever they move, though their roots are
hid,
And deep in the earth they lie ;
With the midnight wind and the twilight breeze
They move, and a whisper stirs the trees
When the dawn is in the sky.

Through the laugh of Summer and Winter's sleep,
And the gold of the aftermath,
They gladden the earth with an Autumn smile,
When their branches sway, and their leaves the
while
Are scattered on the path.

And still they move from the distant sea
By the highway and the lane ;
Like weary pilgrims who have ceased
To love the world, and toward the East
Would fain return again.

And still they move, and though bent and burned
Their gnarled bark is found,
And though their branches are weak and scant,
Like souls oppressed by care and want,
They droop and touch the ground.

Like pilgrims weary and bent they move,
And chant o'er mead and hill,
For ever murmuring as they go,
Their litanies in accents low,
Their voices never still.

TRULY.

From the German of Heine.

WHEN the breath of spring with the sunshine
weaves,
And awakes the sleeping flowers ;
When the moonlight plays on the fresh green
leaves,
And swims through her starry bowers ;
Then the singer rhymeth of two bright eyes,
That have stirred his voice to song.
Yet the lover's song and the stars and flowers,
And the glancing eyes and the happy hours,
'Mid the sunshine and the moonlit bowers,
Are unmarked by the busy throng.

WE SAT IN SILENCE.

From the German of Heine.

WE sat in silence, while the skies
From crimson grew to grey;
I gazed, my love, in thy dim eyes
As evening dreamed away.

The sea rolled up a death-cold mist,
The rhythmic rollers swelled,
In thy dear eyes the tears uprist,
And from thy soul upwelled.

From thy white hand I bent and kissed
The tear-drops tenderly;
And ever wreathed the ghostly mist,
And ever moaned the sea.

Long years have fled, and while they roll
They fill my heart with fears ;
For like to Circe thou, my soul
Hast poisoned with thy tears.

THE MOUNTAIN VOICE.

From the German of Heine.

THROUGH the darksome valley a horseman
sweeps

In sorrowful quest and sad.

He sighed, "Shall I ever my true love see,

Or go to the grave's dark mystery?"

And the mountain replies from its lonely steeps,

"To the grave's dark mystery."

And still he rode on through the eventide,

And heavily sighing said,

"Shall I end so early my life's swift day?

Ah! well, there is peace in the grave away."

And the murmuring voice in sadness sighed,

"There is peace in the grave away."

A tear-drop fell from his sorrowing eyes,
And his head in sadness bent,
"Then that, ah ! me, is the rest I crave
The rest that is sweet in the quiet grave,"
And the mountain in hollow tones replies,
"Tis sweet in the quiet grave."

EVENING.

*From the French rendering of the Dutch of
William Kloos.*

THE half-blown moon with a golden light
Blooms like a fruitless flower,
And far on the distant verge of night,
Her pale leaves downward shower.

So I, in a moment strangely sweet,
Beheld your half-veiled face,
When with a smile and a sigh too fleet,
You fled from the moonlit space.

I love you, you hold my soul, I wis—
As visions of the night
That linger in moments of dreamful bliss
And fade at the dawn of light.

**You are the birth of the breaking day,
The gleam of the evening star :
But oh, beloved, you are lost to me,
You are all that is fair and far.**

A TRIFLE.

From the French of Montenacken.

AH ! Life is vain,
Love's short-lived day ;
Hate's little reign,
And then—good-day.

Swift is life's stream ;
Hopes brief and bright :
A little dream,
And then—good-night.

A TRIFLE.

From the French of Alfred de Musset.

LIFE passes swift,
The poor heart shakes
Like to a cloud
The storm o'ertakes.

Life swiftly flies ;
Hopes poor and few ;
Merit that dies,
And then—adieu.

THE ENTOMBMENT.

*From the French of Pierre de Tolhac on the original
engraving by André Mantegna.*

IN the Sepulchre's gloom his disciples have laid
him,
And the tomb's awful shadow has gathered their
dream ;
And there roughly hewn on the brass that obeyed
him,
The engraver has fixed the distress of their mein.

Desire now has fled with the hope for the morrow,
And the miracle looked for, dies lost in despair ;
Till one in distraction cries out in his sorrow,
And the anguish of centuries wails on the air.

And we, too, oh Christ ! thou has left us forlorn,
We kiss the dead feet which the iron has torn,
And thy living word falters and dies.

**Thy voice which has brought us eternal salvation,
Is frozen in death with despair's desolation :
Oh Christ ! shall we see thee arise ?**

THE BALLAD OF JEAN RENAUD.

From the French.

SHE looked oot ower the castle wa'
And saw her son Renaud come hame ;
Sair had the battle gaen I trow,
For through the yett fu' slow he came.

“ Rejoice, my son Renaud, rejoice,
Thy lady's borne to thee a son ; ”
“ Nor wife nor wean can comfort me,
For I intil my bed maun won.”

“ Oh spread the lily sheets for me,
My bed mak' narrow, mither dear ; ”
Ere midnight cam', the brave Renaud
Lay cauld in death upon his bier.

"Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
Wha is't that moans and greets fu' sair?"
" 'Tis your wee page laments as lost
A gowden dish that was his care."

"Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
Wha is't that knocks in my man's room?"
"My bonnie dawtie, whist ye than,
They mend the floor that's broken doon."

"Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
What means the bell that tolls sae slow?"
"They ring it, for they've pitten aff
The kirkin o' your bairn, my jo."

"Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
Wha is't that sings sae drearilie?"
"Some clipmalabors roon' the house
Lament their luve fu' wearilie."

"Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
What goon sall I put on this day?"
"Tak' white, tak' grey, tak' black, my bairn,
Aiblins the black is best, perfay."

“Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
Hoo is't that black is best, perfay?”
“A' mithers mind o' guid Saint Maur,
An' wear his claith upon this day.”

“Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
And sall I to the Mass this day?”
“A weel a wat, wait till the morn,
An' to the Mass ye then sall gae.”

She's taen her ways doon to the strath,
The weans hae cryit they hae seen
The dowie wife o' that deid lord
They buried in the kirk yestreen.

She's wond her way to the lone Chapél,
And holy water at the door
They've gien to her, and there she sees
A tomb she never saw before.

“Noo tell to me, my mither dear,
Wha's is the mighty tomb I see?”
“I canna hide it frae ye mair—
It is your man's! Ah wae is me!”

**“ Renaud, Renaud, my luve Renaud !
An’ are ye deid, my luve Renaud ?
Renaud, Renaud, my luve Renaud !
An’ are ye deid, my luve Renaud ?**

**“ Oh, open earth an’ let me lie
Beside the form o’ my beloved ! ”
The earth has opened, an’ the grave
Has joined forever those that loved.**

TÊTE DE CIRE.

From the French of Lamartine.

UPON thy shoulders bends thy neck,
They bear a burden sweet :
As bends the willow by the beck,
Beneath the sparrows feet.

Thy bosom there is scarcely seen,
Lifting at every breath I ween,
The light weight of thy heart,
Like two imprisoned timid doves,
When over them the fowler moves,
And from him fluttering start.

Thy dainty hands are caskets twain,
Where daylight slips adown ;
And fingers of the red rose stain,
Their contour fitly crown.

Upon the turf where rest thy feet,
Embracing soft its burden sweet ;
A tuned and perfect lyre
Is not more swift in sweet accord,
To echo thy unspoken word,
And answer thy desire.

LANDSCAPE.

From the French of P. Bourget.

ONE morn a swallow from the distant main,
With pinions swift flew o'er the mimic lake :
Does she by chance her tireless voyage take,
Or has a shot in sport unheedful slain
That thing of beauty, or has she again
Found the deep blue immensity, where shake
The restless billows, when the storm winds make
Their revel wild over the wide domain ?

In this poor wandering swallow of the sea,
Far from the ocean's heaving wilderness ;
I thought I saw a symbol of thy heart :
O, woman's heart, thou with immensity
Art full of love, yearning for tenderness,
Yet dost thou claim of pain so large a part.

SONG.

From the French of Louis de la Salle.

MY soul of love is full,
As a grove where shadows meet ;
As the waters in a pool,
Where the limpid light is cool ;
So my soul like these is sweet.

Beloved with raven hair,
Thy lips, thy liquid eyes,
Both cruel are and fair.
And my heart is in thy care,
Oh beloved, with my sighs.

Though the morning light of May
Is sweet, yet still as sweet
Is the rain upon the spray ;
To thy lover then convey
Joy and pain I would entreat.

LIFE.

From the French of Plener.

LIFE is not all a grief without a joy,
Life's not a pleasure all without alloy ;
Life is a task that's set,
Of which one must acquit
Oneself with stainless honour to enjoy.

